to be with you

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by fourthfromthesun (wakesiren)

Summary

Five times Ava and Yelena get caught together and one time they don't.

Notes

they've infected me what can i say

See the end of the work for more notes

i.

It is Walker who catches them first.

Yelena sort of wishes it was not Walker, because she thinks Walker is very annoying and she knows that he will not let it go, but it is Walker who barges into the gym without asking on a Sunday morning when he is meant to be with his ex-wife and child and finds them stretched out on one of the mats. They do not notice him at first—Yelena does not notice him because there is a warm wet mouth on her nipple and Ava does notice him because that warm wet mouth is hers—and it is only when Ava looks up, gasps, and vanishes that Yelena tilts her head back and sees Walker in the doorway to the gym with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Morning,” Walker says as Yelena tugs her sports bra down over her chest and kicks one leg out at Ava, who flickers back into view with a grunt. “You know, other people use this space, so it’s actually a bit unhygienic to be-”

“Aren’t you meant to be with your son?” Ava asks, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand as she offers the free one to Yelena. Yelena takes it, allowing Ava to yank her into a sitting position, and glares at Walker.

“Oh, so just because I came home early means you guys can do whatever you want in public spaces? Bobby’s still here.”

“Bob knocks.” Yelena points out, running her fingers through her hair. “He is also asleep. Did Olivia throw you out after an hour?”

Walker bristles, which is to be expected, and Ava coughs to hide a snicker behind her. Oh, fucking Walker. Twenty more minutes and she would have been enjoying an excellent orgasm against Ava’s tongue or fingers or the hard muscle of her thigh; thirty more minutes and they both could have been finished. She does not blame Olivia for kicking Walker out, because Walker, as previously stated, is very annoying, but she could have kept him a little longer at least.

“JJ is sick and she doesn’t think it’s a good idea for me to be around him when he’s sick,” Walker grumbles, glancing between Yelena and Ava with a scowl that morphs into curiosity. “So, how long has this been going on? This whole-” he jerks his chin between them, sticking his hands into his pockets. “-situation. Long time?”

“Sometimes I can’t believe she let you name her son after you.” Ava gets to her feet and straightens the neck of her tank top, blowing a strand of black hair out of her face. Yelena hops up next to her, still internally bemoaning the fact that she will not be getting an orgasm until tonight at the earliest, and makes sure she does not rest her hand on Ava’s back where Walker can see.

“Might as well have named him Asshole the Second.” Yelena agrees. Ava laughs, making Walker grumble again, and they stroll towards the door and pick him up on their way.

“Dickhead Junior?”

“Then they could have called him DJ for short. That is much cooler.”

“Cooler than John Junior, definitely.” Behind Walker, who is starting to protest that technically his son’s name is Jonathan Junior, like that is any better, Ava reaches out and brushes her fingertips against Yelena’s wrist without looking over. A silent promise, one Yelena knows all too well, and she has half a mind to kick Walker down a set of stairs and drag Ava back into the gym again.

ii.

Bucky catches them next.

He does not catch them kissing. Yelena would rather that he had caught them kissing, because what he does catch them doing is far more humiliating, but he does not catch them kissing. He catches Yelena doing something infinitely more embarrassing. He catches her worrying.

“Hey,” Bucky joins her next to the fish tank, resting his vibranium hand on her shoulder as he looks at Ava lying in the sealed glass box. Yelena wants very badly to shrug him off, but she does not. Instead she gives him a jerky nod and returns her attention to the way Ava’s body shudders and flickers and distorts with bursts of light. “Everything good?”

“Fine.” Yelena does not look at him. “Same as usual. Valentina cannot risk her going off of the rails, so…”

“No, she can’t have that,” Bucky watches another ripple pass over Ava’s body and releases her shoulder, scratching at the back of his neck awkwardly. He is so awkward, this Winter Soldier. Sometimes she wonders how her sister could ever stand it. Mr. Rogers must have had enough charisma to make up for Bucky’s demeanour. “Is it helping her, you think?”

“How would I know? I am not the one with the unstable molecules.” Yelena huffs. It does not last very long, because Bucky raises one eyebrow and waits. Ugh. “She says it is helping. I know she hurts less. She does not wake up screaming so much.”

“Mm. And you’d know this because?” Bucky’s laugh is cut off by an elbow to his ribs, one so sharp and hard that he groans and rolls his shoulders. She keeps her eyes on Ava, refusing to let any blush colour her cheeks, refusing to admit that she knows this because Ava sleeps next to her in bed most nights, refusing to give him an inch because then she knows he will take two miles, and he rubs his ribcage and then claps that hand on her shoulder again.

“Do not.” Yelena warns.

“Do not what?”

“Do not start with your talk. I am not interested.”

“I wasn’t going to give you a talk.”

“Yes, you were, and I was going to ignore you, and then maybe Ava was going to wake up and we were maybe going to ignore you together.”

“I can believe that.” Bucky rolls his eyes. They go quiet again, watching the light flicker over Ava’s body. She is sure that he knows she comes up here every week to watch Ava in this fish tank, it is not exactly as if she lies about where she is going, but she does not like that he is watching her worry. She would rather worry alone in silence and be there for Ava when she wakes. Ava is always tired after the treatment, tired and hungry and not interested in much else other than a shower and a quiet bedroom and sometimes a few stolen kisses in the dark, and Yelena knows she certainly does not want to hang out with Bucky or anyone else afterwards.

“It’s okay to worry about her, you know,” Bucky says, and Yelena presses her brow against the cool glass so she does not have to look at him. She knows. She knows her training was bullshit and that caring about other people is how you continue living. She knows that she needs these people, she knows that she needs her people. She does not need Bucky to remind her, but it is nice of him to do so all the same.

iii.

Of course it is her dad who catches them kissing.

Yelena had been hoping to not have this conversation with Alexei at all, if she is being honest. In fact, she was so desperate to avoid this conversation that she did not come up with a plan on what to say should this conversation arise, and so she finds herself pressed up against the wall next to her bedroom with absolutely nothing to say in her own defense. Ava takes a few steps back and lets her go, keeping her head turned away from Alexei as if that will somehow trick him into thinking Yelena is kissing a mysterious stranger instead of another member of their team, and Yelena does her very best not to sigh.

“Hi, Dad,” She says, as cheerfully as she can manage. “You said you were going to be out late tonight.”

“It is eleven-thirty,” Alexei looks between her and Ava, his voice rising in pitch the way it does when he does not believe what he is seeing. “Lena, you did not tell me about this. Why are we still holding secrets? We are team! No secrets!”

“That’s my fault,” Ava volunteers, which is very nice of her. Yelena would not have blamed her if she went right through the wall and did not come out until the morning. If she had those powers, she would disappear right now and leave Ava to deal with the consequences. “I enjoy my privacy. My past, you know. It was hard.”

Yelena does her best not to snort. If there is one thing her dad cannot resist, it is a sad backstory, especially when it is coming from Ava, who he has already taken under his wing whether she likes it or not. Alexei frowns, his eyes passing between them, and Yelena straightens up and nods.

“Yes, sorry, dad. Ava did not want me to tell you yet. I wanted to tell you, but *women and their secrets*,” Yelena switches to Russian for Ava’s benefit and receives a kick in the ankle for her trouble, wincing as she attempts to bat her lashes at her dad. She is very lucky that he is a sucker. Ava is very lucky, too. He chooses odd times to be overprotective, but Yelena suspects right now would be one of those times and she does not want to watch her dad try and fail to beat up Ava in the name of honour.

“Women.” Alexei agrees, and the grin that spreads across his face is so broad that Yelena can count every one of his teeth, gold and bone. “I will give you a hug now, *doch’prizrak*, and you will not do the vanishing. We are family now, yes? Family does not do the jumping through each other.”

Ava looks like she has half a mind to do just that, yet at Yelena’s nod, she allows Alexei to engulf her in a hug that probably stinks of vodka. She will often dodge Alexei’s hugs by phasing right through him, which is a power Yelena could have used throughout most of her childhood and well into her adult life, but right now she lets him smother her and even gives him a (stiff) hug back and does not flicker into intangibility the way Yelena knows she must desperately want to.

Later, sweaty and wrung-out in bed, Ava will ask Yelena what *doch’prizrak* means. Yelena will tell her it means ghost-daughter, and the light that fills Ava’s eyes as she says it will warm her for days.

iv.

Neither of them are especially bothered when Bob catches them.

That is because Bob is not annoying about it. When he walks into the living room and sees Yelena sprawled on the couch with her legs in Ava’s lap, he just shrugs, sits down in one of the big armchairs, and asks what they are watching.

“I’m reading.” Ava turns the page of her book, propped up on Yelena’s calves, and gives Bob half a smile. “I think she’s watching something about Beverly Hills.”

“Oh, Housewives,” Bob says, tucking his feet up underneath him. Yelena nods. She likes to watch the people on TV who do not have real problems, the ladies who complain about brunches and husbands and fashion shows or whatever the fuck they are complaining about on this episode. Ava does not care very much what they watch either way, which is fine by Yelena, because it means she never tries to take the remote like Walker or Alexei. Walker likes to watch movies about stuff blowing up, as if they do not have enough of that in their

lives already, and Alexei is always trying to get them to watch his old Soviet documentaries so he can talk overtop of them.

“Housewives,” Yelena agrees, catching the grape Ava tosses into the air between her teeth, and Bob watches them with that affable smile he has.

“Have, uh, have you guys been, you know, this, for long?” He asks, nodding between them. Ava eats her own grape and turns a page, clearly fine to leave this up to Yelena to explain, which she supposes is fair. She did throw herself under the bus for Alexei. Yelena does not bother muting the TV as she rolls halfway onto her side, her legs still kicked over Ava’s lap in a way that is neither graceful nor polite, and blows a strand of hair out of her eyes.

“Long enough.”

“Ah. Okay. And, um, are you happy? Both of you. Together, I mean. Happy?”

Hm. Are they? They are not unhappy, certainly. Or at least, if Ava is, she hides it very well, because she kisses Yelena like she means it and crawls on top of her like she means it and moans like she means it. No one has asked Yelena if she is happy in a very long time. Maybe never in her life. She looks over at Ava and finds those green eyes fixed on hers, just as keen and sharp as they always are, eyes she thinks she will never get tired of staring into, and she smiles.

“I think we are very happy, Bob.” Yelena folds her hands over her stomach and does her best not to smile again when Ava squeezes her ankle, thumb sweeping over the knobbly white scar just above Yelena’s heel.

“I know I am.” Ava flips another page without looking up, but there is a tenderness in her voice Yelena tucks away to keep in her heart. Bob nods, a bit jerkily, and leans forwards to snag a bunch of grapes from the bowl on the coffee table.

“Good, good. That’s nice. Nice for you guys,” He says through a mouthful of fruit, focusing his attention back on the TV. “What just happened? Did they, uh, go have drinks?”

It is nice for them, Yelena thinks. It is nice for them to be happy, and to have each other, and even though they will not admit it even if they are tortured, it is nice that their team is happy for them, too.

v.

Maybe the worst is when Valentina catches them.

By the time Valentina catches them, she is the last to know, which makes her furious because she does not like being the last to know anything. In fact, Yelena knows she is usually the first to know everything, which does make her rage upon catching them together after a mission very, very funny.

“We can’t spin this!” Valentina shouts, waving her cell phone around as if she wishes nothing more to beat them with it. She has yanked Yelena, who has a bloody nose and a split lip and probably a nasty black eye, and Ava, who does not, into one of the meeting rooms at the Watchtower, and is now pacing in front of them with a lot of anger for a woman so small. “You cannot do this! Not in public!”

“We are not in public.” Yelena takes the tissue that Valentina’s assistant, the chirpy little one, offers her and holds it to her nose, doing her best not to grimace. They are not in public, to be fair. They finished a mission, stopped a bad guy, but she took a few hits to the face in the process and Ava came over to check on her. And if she kissed Ava to reassure her that she was okay, then it does not matter, because they are not in public!

“Close enough! People can see you! If you want to lez out on your own time, be my guest, but do not do it where you can be photographed!”

“Val, you really can’t—” Valentina’s assistant starts, but she is quickly silenced by a finger wielded like a weapon. Yelena rolls her eyes. Who says that sort of thing anymore? Ava scoffs beside her, nose crinkled in disgust, and takes another tissue from the assistant so she can wipe at Yelena’s lip.

“Oh, Jesus. What did I just say?”

Yelena ignores her, allowing Ava to dab the blood off her mouth, and then she grabs Ava by the collar of her suit and pulls her in for a far more passionate kiss than she’d usually be willing to give in front of other people. Her lip stings and her nose hurts and she’s going to be nursing this black eye for at least a month, but Ava’s mouth is warm and solid against her own and she does not flicker or vanish or pop in and out of existence. She stays, and she kisses Yelena back, and when they break apart, both scowling, the assistant is pretending to be occupied by her phone and Valentina is giving them a look of such utter contempt that Yelena nearly dives back in for seconds.

“Are you finished?” She asks, crossing her arms over her chest. Yelena shrugs.

“Maybe. Maybe not. Do you have something to say?”

“I am saying that this is unspinnable. I cannot turn this into good PR. There is no room in the eyes of the American public for whatever this is.”

“Actually, among younger audiences, this might be a—”

Valentina silences her assistant with another withering glare. Yelena would feel bad for her if she did not work for the worst woman alive.

“Just, not in public, alright? Please.”

“No promises.” Ava wipes a bit more blood off Yelena’s mouth, earning a long, bitter sigh as Valentina presses her fingers to her temples. “You work for us, remember?”

“Biggest mistake I ever fucking made.” Valentina grumbles, sweeping from the room, and her assistant gives them a thumbs up before she follows.

vi.

“You know something?”

“Mm.” Yelena opens one eye when Ava kisses the sensitive spot between her neck and her jaw, her forearm draped artlessly over her forehead. It is quiet and still in their bedroom, the only sound the soft, wet noise of Ava’s mouth against her skin, and Yelena hums again and tangles her fingers in Ava’s thick black hair as her mouth moves down to the scars on her shoulder.

“We are completely alone.” Ava murmurs against the largest of those scars, her palm resting heavy against Yelena’s belly. Yelena laughs, tipping her head back to give Ava better access to her bare skin, and lets that laugh turn into a sigh when Ava kisses down her chest. They are, for once, entirely alone. John is with his son, Bucky and Alexei are on some diplomatic mission and brought Bob with them. No one can disturb them. Not even Valentina, because Valentina does not come up into the living spaces they keep in the Watchtower without permission and she most certainly does not have permission at this moment.

“We are.” Yelena agrees, hissing through her teeth as Ava bites down on the hard flesh of her nipple. She does not know where Ava got so good with her mouth. She spends her whole life in a laboratory and somehow knows exactly how to use her tongue and her lips and her teeth to make Yelena gasp and rut up against her and shatter to pieces with a few expert touches? It does not seem very fair. “Is that why you have decided to tease me instead of getting on with it, then?”

“Be patient.” Ava traces her fingertips over the scars covering Yelena’s belly, some from her graduation, some from her life before, some from her life after. It does not bother her so much to be looked at anymore. The first time, the second time, the third, it had. She had not wanted Ava to see her or touch her or feel her skin. She had kissed Ava and touched her and stuck greedy hands up her shirt and down her underwear, but she had not let Ava return the favour until one day when Ava had told her she was beautiful and kissed her nice and sweet and undressed her layer by layer until she was down to nothing but her hideous scarred flesh, and Ava had told her she was beautiful even then. Yelena had almost believed her. Even now, she very nearly does.

“I am not known for being patient.” Ava wrenches an embarrassing noise from Yelena’s mouth when her fingers find what is maybe the only soft part of her body, a part of her that is so wet and wanting that it aches when Ava’s knuckles brush up against it.

“Oh, I know,” She murmurs into Yelena’s belly, tongue tracing a familiar path down between her legs. “But you can be patient for me.”

“I do not think I can, actually, so would you—”

Yelena is interrupted by a hand over her mouth, a hand she has kissed and sucked and bitten too many times to count, and she scowls down at the owner of that hand as Ava props her chin on her belly and raises an eyebrow.

“Have I ever told you that you talk too much?” She asks, sliding her thumb past Yelena’s lips, the calloused pad of it resting hot and heavy on Yelena’s tongue. She has, but Yelena does not think that is true. She thinks maybe Ava does not talk enough. Either way, she nods, flicks her thumb over Ava’s thumb, and shuts up.

End Notes

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